Al Sournalistic Dinner





The Story of a
Journalistic
D i n n e r

GIVEN BY THE

Journal Printing Company

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

In honor of the completion of twenty - five years of service by Captain Fred'k W. Hyde

JANUARY 7, 1905

Printed for circulation among those who were and a few friends who were not present. N Saturday evening, January 7, 1905, Captain Frederick W. Hyde, Secretary of The Journal Printing Company, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the company at the Humphrey House. The event was planned as a testimonial to Captain Hyde in celebration of twenty-five years' service with The Journal, as reporter, city editor, and managing editor of the paper. The occasion proved to be a farewell party also, as on the very day of his twenty-fifth anniversary on The Journal Captain Hyde retired from his active connection with the paper to become the cashier of the Chautauqua County Trust Company, the leading financial institution of Southwestern New York.

All of the employes of The Journal company were present as guests upon the occasion of the dinner, which was served in the main dining room of the Humphrey House, the party being seated at 8:00 o'clock. The tables were arranged in the form of a letter "J," with the employes of the business and editorial departments at the head. Plates were provided for forty-two and every seat was occupied. The dinner was excellent, the service was perfect. Handsome souvenir menu cards were provided. These contained besides the bill of fare and the toast list, the name of every employe in the office, and the number of years' service.

The menu was as follows:

MENU

OYSTER COCKTAIL
Wafers

CREAM OF TOMATO Breadsticks

CELERY

ROAST TURKEY WITH CRANBERRY JELLY

MASHED POTATOES

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST

HOT ROLLS

RHINE WINE PUNCH

LOBSTER SALAD

BREAD AND BUTTER SANDWICHES

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

COFFEE

Music during the Dinner by the Ideal Mandolin Club.

From the moment the guests assembled in the hotel parlors until the last one left, some four hours later, the enjoyment of the occasion was evident. The best of feeling has always existed between the proprietors and employes of The Journal, and between the employes of the different departments of the office. In few offices is the fraternal feeling so sincerely felt or so well expressed as in this one, and that fact was most manifest upon this as well as upon many other occasions.

At the conclusion of the dinner eigars and candy were provided, and Frederick P. Hall, President of the company, called the party to order for a discussion of the toast list, all-of the introductions and responses being much enjoyed, some of the office "hits" being especially clever, the rivalry between different departments being shown in a humorous and good natured way.

The roll call, including the names of all employes, together with the length of service on the paper, was as follows:

ROLL CALL

Following each name is the year of connection with The Journal office.

Frederick P. Hall, President - 29th year Frederick W. Hyde, Secretary - 26th year

Editorial Rooms

Edwin A. Bradshaw	16th year	James A. Clary	22nd year
Vernelle A. Hatch	6th year	E. Bertram Briggs	5th year
Miss Bertha Butler	9th year	Clifton N. Hildum	5th year
J. Harold Swanson	1st year	Miss Mynetta Randall	5th year
Miss	Mary Sprin	g 1st year	

Business Office

N. Allison Graham	17th year	E. Verne Bly	2nd year
Matthew E. Wright	14th year	Miss Jessie Young	8th year
Miss Helece Randall	7th year	Mrs. Emma C. Evens	4th year

Newspaper Press and Composing Rooms

John O. Johnson	17th year	Clarence J. Sprague	17th year
Daniel P. Wescott	25th year	William Scott	14th year
James S. McCallum	11th year	Herman H. Stoltz	11th year
James H. Mason	2nd year	George Curtis	4th year
Harry Couch	3rd year	Charles Jenner	Ist year
Fred Lindstrom	3rd year	Simon Carlson	1st year

Job Printing and Engraving Departments

0001111	iting and Ling	dening Departments	
Paul M. Dean	26th year	Gust C. Magnuson	1st year
Edson C. Parker	4th year	John W. Lonngren	2nd year
John W. Hayes	2nd year	Winfred W. Breed	6th year
Frank J. Martin	5th year	Samuel J. Willets	1st year
George Scott	2nd year	Lynn Pickard	1st year
Hugo E. Sellvin	8th year	William E. Towle	8th year
fr:	1 3	441	

Theodore C. Edson 4th year

REMINISCENCES AND ROASTS.

FREDERICK P. HALL, Presiding.

The Guest of Ho	onor	-	-	Captai	in Fr	ederick	w.	Hyde
Journalism	not s	strenuous	enough	so he	took	to bar	king	

- The Job Printing Department - Paul M. Dean
 The Journal Office of Twenty-nine Years Ago.
- The Composing Room - Herman H. Stoltz

 The Paper MUST be on the Press at 4 o'clock.
- The Managing Editor - James A. Clary "Up Stairs" and "Down Stairs."
- Our Society Reporter - Miss Bertha Butler
 Police Court and the Undertakers are sometimes added
 by way of variety.
- Our Rhymester - Clifton N, Hildum As we appear done in verse.
- Our Junior Reporter - J. Harold Swanson Fresh from Scholastic Debating to hustling news gathering.
- One of our "Has Beens" William S. Bailey
 From the Nursery to The Journal Office
 From The Journal Office to a Nursery.

Mr. Bailey entered the business office of The Journal at fourteen years of age, where he remained for sixteen years. He is now manager of the Chautauqua School of Nursing.

- The Men - Miss Jessie Young
 My Ideal! Where can I find him?
- Our Editorial Writer - Edwin A. Bradshaw Philosophy and Humor well combined.

The introductions and responses to the Toasts are given in full as follows:

FREDERICK P. HALL

Fellow Workers of the Journal Office:

Having disposed of what our friend, the landlord, has had to offer, we will now proceed to the consideration of the intellectual part of this feast. I want to explain first that the heading of this part of the program need not alarm any of you. The word "Roasts" was added simply for the purpose of alliteration. There is no one in this company who needs roasting and there is no one here who would dare to do it if there were. So rest easy.

It is very gratifying to me to have so many of the force here tonight—only two absent. I have had in mind a gathering of this kind for some time and the twenty-fifth anniversary of Captain Hyde's connection with The Journal seemed the opportune occasion, but the exact time did not come at a convenient date for all concerned, hence the post-ponement until now. The pleasant relations which have existed between the management and employes so long is most graphically told, it seems to me, by the number of years so many of you have remained under the roof of The Journal building. We are a human lot and there have been many flashes of temper at one time and another, but when the

atmosphere has cleared, we have mutually agreed to make some allowance for the "peculiarities" of the other fellow and jogged along in company as usual. May our friendship continue unbroken for all time, even if by chance the business relation is dissolved, and it is bound to be in some instances. This is my wish. I hope it is yours.

It was a singular coincidence that Captain Hyde's active connection with The Journal covered a period of just twentyfive years. To those of you who do not date back to the beginning of that period, I will state that the Fred Hyde of that time was just as restless as he is today, but he did not possess the fine Adonis frame of the man you see before you tonight. In fact, he was as thin as a rail and it took some time to fatten him up. Captain Hyde entered journalism through the business office, but as you can readily believe. that work was too slow for his temperament and he soon pined for a chance to chase news items. His transfer to this field gave him happiness and The Journal more local news items than it had ever had before. He seemed reasonably satisfied with his position as a leading journalist of Western New York until Mr. Dow painted in rosy colors the advantages and prestige of being a banker and he capitulated and journalism now has only a small lien upon him while banking commands his splendid talents and tircless energies.

I take pleasure in presenting our distinguished guest of honor who will now say something for himself.

FREDERICK W. HYDE

Mr. President and Associates on The Journal:

I am stating merely the truth when I say that this is one of the proudest as well as one of the happiest occasions in my experience, and I want to thank President Hall and the members and employes of The Journal Company for this honor, so gracefully bestowed. This is also a unique experience, as, while I have participated in many banquets given for others, this is the first time a banquet was ever given for me, and I appreciate the courtesy. Now that I have quit active connection with newspaper work and become a bank cashier, I am often asked if I consider it a promotion, and my reply is that I do not; that the change was made without solicitation on my part; that while I am happy and contented in my new position, I was equally happy and contented when I was daily associated with all you good boys and girls. Then, too, I have not left The Journal; my financial and good will interest in the company remains, and if you will permit. I still want to be considered one among you.

My first recollection of The Journal (although undoubtedly I had seen copies before, as my father during the Civil War wrote a number of letters from the field, which were published in The Journal), is the issue of December 1, 1874, more than thirty years ago. I had just come to Jamestown to learn the jeweler's trade of Levant L. Mason. The arrangement was that I should sleep in the store. Mr. Mason having in view the protection of his stock from burglars, had armed me with a big Colt's revolver, showed me how to use it, told me that "Jim" Murray, the village nightwatchman,

would come up the back steps every night and send a flash from his dark lantern through the window into the store, and gave me divers warnings and directions. Being the new "cub" I was considered legitimate game for practical jokes. A. G. Schurter, Mr. Mason's Swiss watchmaker, conceived and carried out plans for giving me a night of strenuosity the first time I occupied the little bedroom in the rear of the store, and wound every one of the dozens of alarm clocks. setting them so that there would be one continuous round of striking bells. The next morning as each member of the store force arrived he eved me curiously and asked how I slept, to which my reply was, "First rate, never waked up once." Thus the joke reverted to the joker. But John C. Mason did not rest easy until he had seen Ernest R. Willard. now editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, but who at that time as he one time said, "gathered news during the day for The Journal, and at night tended 'Hans' Waite's son who had fits." Willard wrote a lurid story of what was expected to have occurred when the alarm clocks rang, and I remember that among other things he stated that "each individual red hair of the new apprentice stood on end with fright as, with revolver in hand, he prowled around the store in alarm over an imaginary succession of attempts to break in." That was my first public announcement to Jamestowners, and although it was wide of the facts, it gave me notoriety which was not altogether without value to me.

While I was at work learning my trade I became acquainted with Frederick P. Hall, and acquaintance ripened into intimacy and friendship that has been strengthened and cemented with increasing years, and is today one of my dearest possessions. Soon after we first met the present president's

father, John A. Hall, bought The Journal and our president, then but sixteen years of age, was given general charge of the business department of the paper. He was a tireless worker. After keeping at his post all day, he would return in the evening, and I would keep him company and assist him, and we often would work well into the morning, and about six nights out of the week he would share my bed in the store. My first reporting was done for The Journal on holidays and when Mr. Mason would give me a day off, and those occasions are to this day recalled with pleasure. In those days The Journal office was located on Main street, on the second floor of the building where now stands the Union Trust Company's bank.

In 1879 I was at work at my trade in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, when Frederick Hall came to me with an offer of a place in the business office of The Journal, with prospect of an interest in the business—something that came to pass not long afterwards. Also in the office at that time was Walter B. Armitage who was taken into the firm with me. It was not the privilege of many of you to know Walt. Armitage, as his death occurred many years ago, but I can say of him that he was one of the noblest young men I ever knew—true as steel, industrious, accurate, high-minded and loyal to his engagements and to his friends. Those who knew him well will never cease to mourn his all too early departure from this life.

I did not remain long in the business office, as additional help was required in the reportorial department and I was chosen to that post where I remained for a long term of years. At that time John A. Hall was the editor, Daniel H. Post the city editor, and I was general utility reporter. One of my most cherished memories is of John A. Hall, father of our president. As a writer he was not excelled in his day in the use of vigorous and expressive English. None was ever in doubt in reading his editorials as to what he meant to convey. He was one of the most considerate of employers, kind, generous, large hearted, with lofty ideals, one who despised shams and deceits and whose life was in consonance with his exalted character. Not in all my life have I known one for whom I had greater respect and veneration and love than for the father of our chief, who, I may honestly say, has inherited the noble attributes and characteristics of his lamented sire.

Mr. Hall enjoyed a joke as well as anyone who ever lived, and one incident which at the time caused him wrath, was in after days only to be mentioned to excite his laughter. The New York State newspapermen were coming to town, and as many of them would visit the office, the windows were washed, likewise the general office towel, and to further emphasize the state of preparedness the front stairs were painted. and all above the first floor were for a number of days compelled to use the back flight. The day the stairs were painted Mr. Hall, then well advanced in years, had fallen asleep over his newspaper and Dan Post and I were engaged in grinding out copy, when we heard sounds of heavy footfalls. Mr. Hall awoke just as the visitor, of foreign birth and with feet like mudscows, climbed over the barricade at the head of the stairs, having previously broken through the barrier at the foot, and left the imprint of his No. 10's on every tread of the flight. The ensuing scene can be better imagined than described. The stupid interloper could not understand the English that came flying at him in broadsides, but he did comprehend that he had committed a trespass, and the way he was hustled to the back stairs and invited to vamoose left no doubt in his mind that he was persona non grata. The stairs were repainted and the paint was dry for the feet of the newspaper pilgrims.

It was at this meeting of the New York State Press Association that I had my first "roast." Judge Albion W. Tourgee, then residing at Mayville, made the principal speech in Allen's Opera House. He was to speak extemporaneously, so The Journal sent to Buffalo and engaged Walter Jenkins to come and take the address in shorthand. One striking proverb. (Spanish, I think) was used by Judge Tourgee that evening: "If you send a buzzard to market you will have carrion for breakfast." He meant to convey the idea that a newspaper would be clean or foul according to the character of the man in the editorial chair. (I would here presume to say that readers of The Journal have never been served with carrion.) Welk Jenkins reported the speech. But how to put it into long hand for the compositors. Typewriters were not known. So nothing would do except that Jenkins should read his minutes to me and I transcribe them. We completed our task at 7 a.m., and The Journal had the speech in full the same evening. One incident I recall: Jenkins, reporting phonetically, had used the abbreviation "can't" for "cannot," all through the speech. When the Judge saw the proof he insisted that "cannot" be used and maybe you think his name was not roundly blessed in The Journal's composing room that afternoon!

Some of the older of you recall Sidney A. Howard, the pressman. He was a character. By reason of his seniority and his services as a soldier, he addressed the president as

"Fred," except when he asked a favor or was highly pleased when his title was "Fredum." One time a friend of mine in Pittsburg sent me two boxes of Wheeling stogies. They were stronger than Samson. A few puffs on one sent me into retirement. Sid was my beneficiary. His gratitude was unbounded—until he began to smoke. Afterwards he told me that he burnt two boxes of office matches on one stogie and then didn't finish it, and that in "pulling" at the stogie he so filled himself with air that he was puffed out like a toad. The fate of the two boxes, minus the two stogies that he and I ventured, was to feed the furnace of the office boiler.

At the conclusion of one day of hard work, a 31st of December, Charles F. Vanderburgh, at that time the editor, said that he had a bottle of champagne at the club, which he would get if I would provide corkscrew and glasses. Agreed, I had the bottle in hand with the "bung" started, when Charles H. Brown, the reporter, came in. He did not approve of wine, so I concealed the bottle under my arm. The atmosphere of the room was heated, my body likewise, and in about a minute the cork was forced out by the effervescent fluid and barely missing Vanderburgh struck the ceiling. The wine gushed forth as from a geyser. Van was in range and I can see him now dancing around with arms and hands protesting and vehemently calling to me to "turn it away." Van got a bath, neither of us drank wine, and Brown said it was good enough for us. The latter was the only one of the trio who could find material for a joke in the episode.

In my long and most intimate acquaintance and friendship with James A. Clary, the present city editor, I never but once knew him to shirk a duty, and that was during the Moody revival meetings. We had arranged to divide the work of reporting them. But the day before they began "Jim" took to his bed and did not emerge until the meetings had passed into history. I reported all of them, afternoon and evening, and verily believe I was a greater sinner than before the evangelist came. "Jim" had "grip." It was new then and he took an allopathic dose. From that time till the present neither of us has hankered for an assignment to report a revival meeting—I because I had been done to a turn, and he because of the effect they had on me, feared to venture. Thus it was that when Mulhall came later he sent "Jimmie" Tuckerman to every meeting. Towards the close of the series the evangelist, noting Tuckerman's steady attendance, came to where he sat and asked: "Young man, are you a Christian?" to which immediate and unblushing reply was made: "No sir, I am only a reporter!"

Well, I could go on in this rambling way till midnight, but as the one specially honored on this occasion, I will not venture to weary you, but will choose, rather, to enjoy the better things of the intellectual feast that are to follow. Before I close I want to say that a fact of significance and gratification is that the members of The Journal Company have never had a serious disagreement. We have not always agreed, but we never quarreled. The president has always guided us wisely and safely and by him we have on all occasions been treated with fairness and generosity, and to his talented leadership must be ascribed the greater share of the credit of our success as a company. Another thing, "ceam work" has ever prevailed. We have not sought for individual records, but all together, employers and employes, have worked harmoniously for the upbuilding of an institution, and it is such team work that wins.

In conclusion, I repeat that which I said at opening, I want to be counted as one of you, even if I am no longer steadily at a desk in The Journal office. My interest in the institution and in each and all of you will never diminish and I offer the sincere hope that as the years speed along to every member of this assemblage shall come in unstinted measure health, prosperity and happiness.

Again I thank you all for the pride and pleasure which this occasion has afforded me.

MR. HALL

I am sure you have all listened with interest to the pleasant reminiscences of Captain Hyde. His references to my revered father, whose death occurred nearly nineteen years ago, have touched me deeply and it is a matter of regret to me that more of you did not know him; as all who did have only pleasant memories of him. I cannot forbear speaking at this time of my own personal association with Captain Hyde. Starting with a boy's friendship, we became business associates and through all these twenty-five years the bond of friendship has never been broken but has constantly grown in strength and will, I am sure, abide for all time.

The real old veteran of this company is the man I am about to introduce. He entered The Journal office about six months before I did, but he allowed himself to be diverted into other fields for about three years so that he has less years of service to his credit. I have asked him to tell something of The Journal office of twenty-nine years ago and I am sure he will make it interesting, even if he has to romance a little.

Mr. Dean, ladies and gentlemen.

PAUL M. DEAN

Mr. Toastmaster, Honored Guests and Fellow Workers:

It is an honor to me to be present tonight at this gathering of The Journal members and to be called upon to respond to the toast, "The Journal Office as I Knew It Twenty-nine Years Ago," Twenty-nine years ago the 13th of last December I was apprenticed to Davis H. Waite, then the owner and proprietor of The Journal office, for a term of three years, to learn the art preservative. At that time The Journal was printed on an old fashioned Country Campbell press which was in charge of Sid. Howard, a noted character of The Journal for many years. My duties consisted in bringing coal up two flights of steps for three coal stoves and the engine. We also had an old Gordon press, a Washington hand press, which I held in great veneration as Horace Greeley had at one time printed from it, and an old Adams press. The latter was never used, to my knowldege, and was set up simply as a bluff to let our contemporary, the Chautaugua Democrat, know that our job department was fully equipped and up to date. Besides bringing up coal and sweeping the office I was given the job of wetting down and opening up the paper for the daily run. The paper came in onires twenty-four by thirty-six size and from fifty to sixty quires was the run each day. Water was placed in a tin trough and every other quire was dipped through it, for what reason I have never been able to understand, and after a short time the quires were opened and a board and heavy weight placed upon it and left until after dinner when it was ready for the inside run of the daily. When Sid was in a good natured

mood I was "Paulus" with him, when not, something stronger was used. Sometimes I experimented with the paper and wet down each quire and as it made the paper difficult to feed old Sid had to get upon the press and I was the engineer in his place. The force at that time consisted of eleven members and I was the devil. In looking over the names employed at that time I find that six have gone to their eternal rest. In May, 1876, when I found that John A. Hall was contemplating buying The Journal I felt very badly and hoped the deal would not go through, as I liked Mr. Waite and was afraid a new boy would come in my place. But I was included in the sale and my indenture papers turned over to Mr. Hall, and I don't know but that I have been inventoried each year since. I am sorry that there are so many here tonight who were so unfortunate as not to know or work under John A. Hall. He was one of the finest men it has ever been my lot to work under, and in the many years I was in his service I never knew of his speaking an unkind word to anyone in his employ. As Capt. Hyde has said, he could use strong language occasionally but when he did it was enjoyed by us all. Daniel Wescott came shortly after and the devil work was divided between us, he being two weeks in the job room and I on the paper and vice versa. Fred Hall was made the general manager and as we were of the same age it didn't seem just right to me to have him over me and Dan says I spent most of my time in the business office arguing with him as to whether I should do as he told me or not. But he made a good manager and one of the best men I ever worked for. I remember a very distressing accident that happened one afternoon and that caused strong language from different members of the firm and employes. Some big doings had

been held and the speeches there made had been put in type by The Journal and Democrat offices, each loaning the matter to the other. Our composing room was in the third floor and the forms were let down by tackle to the second floor and carried to the press. The fourth page was solidly filled with type, half belonging to the Democrat office, when in swinging it out the tackle broke and the form was pied. Nothing could be saved and it took a good deal of hustling to make up a new form to get to press with.

Each department claims the honor of being the chief cause of The Journal's success, but I think it is due to the job room. From two workmen, the foreman and devil, and two presses in actual service, today we possess two up-to-date cylinder presses, four Gordons and one Universal press and a pay roll of ten printers.

In looking over this card giving the number of years so many have served with The Journal I can truly say that we are thankful that we are able to be present and that we have so good a man to work for as Fred P. Hall. In the many years I have been with The Journal this is the first time we have all been together in a meeting like this, only three being absent, and I hope it may be made an annual custom.

MR. HALL

The composing room is always a center of activity in a newspaper office and that of The Journal is no exception to the rule. The foreman at times has unhappy moments, but this is not one of them for he has a sub to speak for his department. I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Stoltz, who might, if he chose, tell us the difficulties of getting up steen columns of advertising between noon and the hour of going to press.

HERMAN H. STOLTZ

A lady once asked, "What are the duties of a compositor?" She was told that the compositor takes the rough, uncut editorial and reportorial gems, cuts, polishes and mounts them to meet the approval of the eye of a critical public; and that while many of the gems are "paste," under the skillful manipulations of the compositor they pass current as the genuine article.

Some of our friends have been indulging in reminiscences this evening. To them I would say, come and spend a few hours with us in the composing room. You will find it a sovereign remedy for a reminiscent mood. The things of the present will engage your entire attention and you will be able to appreciate life on the "firing line."

A short time ago when a certain great banking institution robbed us of Mr. Hyde, the horizon began to light up with what we confidently believed to be the dawn of the day when "the daily would be on the press at 4 o'clock." Before long we realized that we "saw the wrong light." The spirit of Capt. Hyde still pervades the sanctum and copy comes in cords and bales as in days gone by.

About 2 o'clock the managing editor deposits a two-days' supply of copy on the composing room table with the cheerful announcement, "Clarence, the copy is practically all in!" and returns to the editorial room. At intervals of five minutes we hear such observations as these: "Clarence, hold the eighth page for this little personal," "Jimmy, set this personal and give it to Clarence," "Clarence, here is a little 'ad' to the Great American Pedro Club," "Here are a few

changes Mr. Lockwood would like made in 'Old Jamestown'," etc. So that with a superabundance of copy and "derelict" advertising our best efforts to get "the daily on the press at 4 o'clock" are defeated about five times out of six.

While things are rather strenuous at times and considerable irritation is engendered, it all seems to be forgotten and forgiven when the daily is on the press. If we have a grievance, real or imaginary, the "powers that be" are always accessible and our differences are adjusted to our entire satisfaction. All in all, I do not think there is a happier lot of printers in the country than those employed by The Journal Printing Company.

The smiling countenance of my little friend Simon recalls another little tow-headed boy of about thirty-three or thirtyfour years ago. While he did not serve his apprenticeship in The Journal office a few of his experiences may not be out of place this evening. He was "bound out" for three years and among his various duties was that of getting to the office every morning at 6 o'clock, sweeping and getting everything in order for the journeymen to begin work at 7 o'clock. After that he curried and fed the horse and milked the cow, which duties performed he was permitted to attend to his own wants. Four nights each week I rolled for a Washington hand press, and I congratulate the apprentice of today that he is not compelled to undergo that heartbreaking task. The paper, a semi-weekly, had a circulation of about twelve hundred. A token (250) impressions an hour was considered very fast work, and when we renember that the presswork was usually started after supper, it will be readily seen that "relling" was no "snap." One of the most trying tasks I encountered was a problem in irrigation; in other words carrying water for the ever-thirsty printers. The prodigious quantities of water consumed by the printers seemed marvelous to my youthful mind. Why this apparently unquenchable thirst should be greater in the forenoon than later in the day was always a source of wonder to me. Perhaps some of our friends here can explain it. I cannot.

Semi-annually I changed that horror of the past—the office towel. It was usually made of a meal sack split lengthwise, and after it nad been in daily use for a few weeks, we stood it in the corner like a yard of hemlock board. To tip it over called for condign punishment. My employer was something like George Ade's first "boss." He did not ask me to do a day's work in ten hours, so he allowed me eighteen hours. He was a boy once himself and realized that a little recreation was necessary to a boy's well being, so, by way of diversion and relaxation he permitted me to help do the family washing every Monday morning.

I emerged from these three years of bondage with a limited knowledge of the art preservative, but I was thoroughly posted in laundry work.

And yet I look back to my apprenticeship with satisfaction. To every rightly constituted person, the consciousness of duty well done is a source of joy and pride for all time

MR. HALL

From time immemorial, there has been good natured rivalry between the editorial rooms and business office of newspapers. It has invaded The Journal office by fits and starts and I expect Mr. Clary, whom I am about to call upon, will tell of the great esteem which these departments have for one another.

JAMES A. CLARY

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Workers:

I have read somewhere of an epitaph on a tombstone which was something to this effect: "Here lies the body of Mary Jane, my beloved wife. Tears will not bring her back—therefore I weep." We have met here to mourn the departure of Captain Hyde, but not in that spirit, I assure you. He is not dead—he only sleepeth, in the banking business.

As my friend, Mr. Dean, was responding so interestingly to the toast, "The Journal Office as I knew it Twenty-nine Years Ago," I could not help recalling Mr. Dean, as I first knew him. It was shortly after I came to Jamestown, and while sitting on the porch in front of my boarding house, a fine looking couple drove past in a stylish tournout. I recognized the gentleman as a printer I had seen in one of the offices, and turning to a lady near me I asked if she knew the couple.

"Yes," she replied, "that is Paul Dean and Ella Butler."

Another lady who sat near spoke up, saying: "I understand they were married yesterday."

"Is that so?" replied the lady who had first answered my question. "And," under her breath, "Ella Butler was such a nice girl, too."

But, Mr. Chairman, I will discuss briefly the subject you have assigned me, "Upstairs" and "Down Stairs," which I take to mean the editorial department and the business office. I must say that the relations between the editorial department and the business office in The Journal are very

pleasant—considering how much above you we really are, and how humiliating it is for us to come down to your level—except for the briefest interval at 5 o'clock every Saturday afternoon. Then, indeed, we take off our hats to the business office and its entire force.

But, Mr. President, I am commissioned on the part of the editorial force to express to you our high regard for you personally. You have never yet insisted that we finish our days' work in seven or eight hours, as the business force does; or in eight or nine hours, as the job room men do; or in nine or ten hours as the composing room men finish theirs. Like George Ade's old employer, you are entirely willing to give us from twelve to twenty hours every day to finish our tasks.

We have with us tonight living examples of the difference in the effectiveness of the work of the business and editorial departments of The Journal. After sixteen years' labor in the business office your graduate is prepared to enter a nursery, and what better training could a man have for such a place in life than a few years in such surroundings as are given in our business office. Now see the difference. After eighteen years' training in the editorial department of The Journal we sent out Captain Hyde, who, with the assistance of Theodore Roosevelt and Rough Rider Bucklin, put down the Spanish-American War and drove the Spaniards from the Western World.

I must admit, Mr. President, that there are some changes I would make were I the business manager of The Journal. In the first place I would discharge all of the boys and girls in the business office, and employ a homlier lot—if it were possible to find them.

Secondly, I would raise the wages of all in the office, beginning, very properly, with the editorial department; I would provide easy chairs and lounges for the use of the employes of the business office, in which to rest and sleep during the afternoon; I would insist on having the windows in the job room and the composing room washed every spring, and the front stairs swept down every fall. These are a few of the changes that I deem quite desirable.

My friend, Captain Hyde, in his address, spoke in a slighting way of my indisposition at the time of the Moody revival meetings in this city some years ago. I recall the incident very well, and am sure that I regret more than he possibly can the fact that he was compelled to report that series of meetings. Some of you know how strenuous a Methodist revival really is, and know from personal experience the great efforts that are made to bring sinners to repentance. As a faithful reporter Captain Hyde was present at every one of the Moody meetings, occupying a front seat.

An enthusiastic church worker approached him in great concern one evening with the exclamation—

"Young man, are you a Christian?"

"No sir," emphatically replied the Captain, "I'm a Journal man."

The retirement of Captain Hyde after twenty-five years of faithful service as reporter, city editor and managing editor of The Journal is an event that causes the deepest regret on the part of all of us, and especially myself and my associates in the editorial department of the paper, with whom he has been more closely associated than with you of the other departments. We know his worth and we know

what his retirement means. He has been an inspiration to all of us.

My friend Stoltz in his address just now spoke of the spirit of Captain Hyde remaining in the office. I could imagine nothing more important for the good of The Journal than that this should be so. His is a spirit of energy, of hard work, of progress. Its good influence is felt wherever it appears, and the longer that it remains in The Journal office the better will it be for the paper and all who are connected therewith.

MR. HALL

The Journal is fortunate in having upon its staff a very versatile young lady, who while she delights most in "doing" society is willing to take upon herself the excitement of the police court or the quiet of the undertaker. With her marked skill with the paint brush, I feel sure we will get a little color in the response which is to follow. I take pleasure in introducing Miss Bertha Butler.

BERTHA BUTLER

Our President, Past and Present Fellow Hirelings of The Journal Office:

In our best bibs and tuckers we are indeed a fine looking crowd, aren't we? Worthy not only of our hire but possibly of a raise.

But our President, Mr. Hall, never intimated to me that I was to congratulate you upon your attire, or to suggest an increase in salaries, he has, however, placed beside my name the dignified words, "Society Reporter, with Police Court and

Undertaking on the Side." Had he placed the word undertaking with capital letters after the word society, without a comma between he would have caught just my idea of what society reporting really means—a big undertaking.

Expressed in as few words as possible reporting society means having all the best stories cut out at the last moment, and all the others bunched together in the more or less varnished statements, that a three course luncheon was served and the guests played flinch.

Now, reporting police court is much the same in some respects for it very often happens that the society events there, too, are suppressed by our tender-hearted president at the tearful request of some next day penitent.

The fondest recollections of my police court work are the feelings of gratitude I had each morning on finding that none of my friends in the business office had been locked up over night.

My greatest disappointments came when I visited the undertaking establishments on my daily round of assignments to find there none of the names of the printers who had made such frightful errors in my best copy. Aside from these cheerful thoughts which never materialized my work for The Journal has been one continual round of pleasure.

In looking down the toast list I see that Miss Young is to respond to the toast "The Ideal Man, Where Shall I Find Him?" Considering her business associates is it surprising that the question should have been so long unanswered? But how easy it would have been for me to have told her without all this publicity, that the editorial office is full of them. Of course mortgages have been foreclosed on most of them and on the quiet I could inform you that foreclosure proceedings

have already been begun on another of them, but there is still one left and knowing his real worth as we do, a determined effort will be made to keep him outside the business office except for thirty seconds each pay day.

MR. HALL

Every well regulated newspaper office should have a poet. The Journal office has one and from the inspiration which he receives daily from editing country correspondence, I am sure we may expect something lofty in tone and well regulated in meter. Clifton N. Hildum will give his impressions of his associates in rhyme.

CLIFTON N. HILDUM

I have a lot of folks in mind Of whom I'd like to tell— The story of the whole long list Cannot be told too well.

I may not tell the story right,
If not, please help me out—
'Twould be too bad to have one missed,
It would, beyond a doubt.

Now I'll begin the story—
If you'll just give me time,
I'll tell it in a jingle
That now and then will rhyme.

There's he that's at the head of us— His name—you know it well— And if you see him scratch his head, Then I'll not have to tell. I speak about the City Hall
And need not stop to think—
But here is to another one—
Now let your glasses clink.

Then there is Mr. ——— what's-his-name—— He writes for our fourth page. I'd hate to see a circumstance 'Twould get him in a rage.

The news department fellows
On one point never fight.
One says, "What's wrong with Clary?"
They answer, "He's all right."

Since Captain Hyde has left the place—
It may give you a shock—
They've saved so much in wages
They've bought another block.

He must have been a costly man— But he worked all the time— And if the others wanted to He thought it was no crime.

There's one out in the job room,
He's an all right boy, I ween—
I'll tell you something and you'll guess
The very one I mean.

Full oft when in the office
I sit at my desk alone,
The Home 'phone rings, a sweet voice says,
"Please call Mr. Dean to the 'phone."

Then sometimes it is varied—
And a voice, 'twould grace a queen,
Comes through the Bell 'phone and I hear
"Will you please call Mr. Dean?"

He has nine "Indians" under him,
They're busy most all day—
But when they try to bowl at night
They needs must learn the way.

There's one of Dean's "big Injuns"
Who never will be poor—
However much he doesn't work—
He'll have the "Lonngren" sure.

There's one up stairs who sets displays, And he's a dandy, yes— Ask him most any question— Can he answer? Well, I guess.

Now, here is to the proof-room—
The printers' horrid dream—
Without which they are certain, sure
Their milk would be all cream.

With business office sarcasm
And others' jibe and joke,
The proofroom—I've been there myself—
Is where they wear the yoke.

The engraving room is next in line,
They ought to roasted be—
But what to say about them—
It does not come to me.

They think they are the royal bunch, And sure it must be true— For the girls are always asking us, "Call Willie, Thed or Hu."

Now here's to Sprague and Wescott, Scott and McCallum, too— If we should lose that great quartet, What would The Journal do? They know the business through and through, You can't tell them a thing.
Oh, would I had the cashier's tongue—
Wouldn't I give them a fling?

Now in the class with that cashier There's Graham, Wright and Evens— Don't leave out Bly and Randall, For if you do—"oh, heavens."

"It's necessary" to name them—
To get the whole crowd in—
They should all be "roasted proper"—
Now how shall I begin?

In our room on the second floor
Is a tube, 'bout three feet long—
You should see it straighten out
When Miss Young sings her song.

And she is not the only one
Who shouts up through that tube,
'Till we feel like a circus gang
When someone shouts "Hey, Rube!"

Now, upstairs on the third floor, And down stairs on the first, They look upon the second As "just about the worst."

The upper ones think 'tis for them That all the work is done—
The business office people
Are sure they take the bun.

Now the news department, don't you see, Is where the stars do shine—
For proof that this is true, I beg,
Don't take a word of mine.

But just glance o'er the toast list, See all the names on there! In proportion to the others Now, how do we compare?

We're it—there is no question,
And the boss he knows it, too,
For when he wanted good hot toasts—
Why, say, what did he do?

He came up to the second floor And made his wishes known— And while you've listened to us— How joyous time has flown.

Now, Clary tells me, "cut it short," So now I'm going to quit. I hope there's no one sorry That he has not been hit.

MR. HALL

The editorial room has a good healthy beginner at the journalistic ladder in the person of J. Harold Swanson and I will call upon him to give some of his early impressions of newspaper work received in The Journal office. Mr. Swanson modestly disclaimed any experience in after-dinner talking, but I assured him that he had had as much as some of the rest of us and I am sure a young man who has been so successful in upholding the banner of the Jamestown High School in debating contests will be able to interest his fellow workers on The Journal.

I. HAROLD SWANSON

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a matter of deep personal regret to me that it has not been my fortune to have known Captain Hyde for a longer period. However, during the two weeks in which I served under the captain, I had ample opportunity for discovering in him those beautiful traits of character which have been brought out by the previous speakers.

I have heard so much criticism heaped upon the heads of reporters, especially the cub reporters, or junior reporters, if you please, that I was interested the other day in finding an eminent man of letters who took occasion to criticise, sharply, the American editors. I was reading that interesting essay on The American Newspaper from the pen of Charles Dudley Warner. I was interested, particularly, in the introductory paragraph, in which the writer says: "For although there are scattered throughout the land many persons, I am sorry to say, unable to pay for a newspaper, I have never yet heard of anybody unable to edit one." Now if I had stopped reading at the close of that sentence, I possibly might have been justified in holding the opinion that the editors are guilty of a portion of the crimes, at least, which are laid at the doors of cub reporters; but I continued my reading, and in one of the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Warner's admirable essay, where he considers the reportorial department of the modern newspaper, the writer without any qualification, whatever, continues as follows: "I am inclined to think that the reporting department is the weakest in the American newspaper:

and there is just ground for the admitted public distrust of it."

My connection with The Journal has been exceedingly brief as contrasted with the long records of service which I note on the toast card. I recall no particular incidents which have occurred since I became a member of the staff, that would be of any interest to you this evening. Of course, when I entered upon my duties I was assigned to the cub reporter's position at the Erie railroad station, and I assume that my first day's experience in "personal gathering" was similar to that of those who preceded me in this fascinating department of journalism. I asked practically every person in the station for a personal, and as a result I was turned down by a host of traveling men, and other persons who are called out of the city at frequent intervals. Needless to state, I learned to discriminate very soon. One frequently meets with amusing incidents in asking for personals. Some travelers will stare at the reporter in blank astonishment, others will curse him; a number will innocently inform him that they are already subscribers for The Journal; several advise him that they have nothing to advertise and a few, a very, very few, will give him the personal with unusual haste, and then meekly ask him. "What are the charges?"

In conclusion, permit me to add that I have found my work very pleasant, indeed. The surroundings in the office are congenial, and the duties are by no means arduous. However brief may be my connection with The Journal, I shall never fail to look back on my connection with the paper with the most pleasant recollections.

MR. HALL

We are fortunate in having with us tonight one who for sixteen years was an active worker on The Journal, but who a few years ago took up other work in which he has been eminently successful. As he has been out from among us a little while, his perspective may be better than those of us who have confined ourselves to one establishment. I am sure we will all be interested to listen to Mr. Bailey.

W. S. BAILEY

While your chairman, (Mr. Hall), has laid down certain rules to be observed by those who speak to you tonight, with penalties for their infringement, yet as he is not "governess" in the nursery in which I now spend my time, I shall have no fear of his authority.

While on so pleasant an occasion as this you have a right to expect, from those who speak to you, the bright and witty observations which such an occasion can but prompt, yet to me this anniversary is essentially an occasion for feelings of the deepest sentiment. One cannot spend nearly a quarter of his active life amid the close affiliations of The Journal office without forming those ties than which few of human life may be considered closer or more intimate.

As I look back during my association with the paper which began more than twenty years ago, I cannot help seeing, in addition to the pleasant faces about this table, those of many whose memory is dear to me, and who were not known to most of you of the "later generation."

First among these, it was given to me to know and to honor John A. Hall, whose character always impressed me as one of the strongest personalities with whom I have ever been fortunate in being brought into contact, and who, knowing him as I did during those early years of my life, I can truthfully say, made a most deep and lasting impression upon my mind, and I believe upon my nature.

But I have always had a natural tendency to reason from the effect back to its cause, and if in this connection I may be permitted to speak of my own experience, it has come to me to trace, from my entrance into newspaper work, the origin of the motives which this brought about. As this has to do with the guest of honor, it will be a pleasure to me to relate the circumstance, which was after this fashion:

As I remember it, there was in progress one of those large and disastrous factory fires with which the city has been too frequently visited in the past years. In common with a large number of other urchins, I was promptly on hand to join in the excitement. Notwithstanding the concentration of interest in the fire itself, it was apparent that the attention of a large number of onlookers was drawn to a point some distance up the street where an old white horse of uncertain gait was approaching at what might be considered a furious pace. As the horse approached to middle distance it was apparent that a beacon light sat behind in the carriage. In a moment the horse and driver were upon the scene, and our honored friend, now Captain Hyde, dashed up to the fire, notebook in hand. Whether it was the combination of the white horse and the red hair I do not pretend to say-this you may judge for yourself—but from that moment I realized my aim in life, and within a short time thereafter I had become a member of The Journal force.

I feel I may say, as all of you realize, that this is a remarkable office, and that you are fortunate in having the

scene of your activities characterized by so pleasant an atmosphere and so congenial surroundings, and these I hope may continue for many years under that same management to which I feel any words of mine can do but scant justice.

MR. HALL

One of the favorite themes at banquets in which men participate is that of the ladies. The most gifted and eloquent of the stern sex are selected for this purpose. I thought it would be proper at this dinner to reverse the usual order and have an eloquent and gifted young lady speak on the men. I came near overturning the matter, however, when I coupled with it the proposition that the subject should include, "My ideal, where can I find him." Inasmuch, however, as it is to be just among ourselves. Miss Young has consented to lay bare the secrets of her heart and if you will give close attention you may be enlightened.

JESSIE YOUNG

Mr. Toastmaster, Associates of The Journal Printing Co.:

I am asked to speak on the greatest subject under the sun—Men, and lest that of itself be not enough, I am also requested to paint my ideal, and possibly speculate for your amusement on where I may expect to find him. The latter part of this stupendous task I must positively decline, for suppose I should set forth my ideas of what a man might be and each one present should recognize his own portrait in the vivid word picture—would I not experience the very embarrassment of riches to find "My Ideal" take shape before me in thirty-odd different types and ages. Enough that material for an ideal man might be found without going outside The Journal building, each and every one contributing

some good quality—but then, alas, he would be too good for any ordinary mortal.

When this subject was assigned me I was told that I ought to be able to speak from my own long experience and in the same breath was cautioned not to roast "us men" too much. I prefer to put my own construction on the "long experience" and beg you to accept my assurance that what our toastmaster intended to say was that after eight years of association with the men of The Journal office I ought to be able to speak with knowledge of the Ideal Man. If he had only given me "The Ideal Employer," what could I not have said.

How well I remember the first two terrible weeks after I entered the office-when I was on probation and used to wonder every time I saw a new man about if my staying depended on pleasing him too. Our chief left almost immediately on a trip, to Texas I think it was, and the members of the force proceeded to size me up and pass judgment. The editorial room alone held aloof in a properly superior way, but I cannot say their attentions were missed. However, all things pass sometime and at the end of the two weeks I was told that I would probably "do." I suspect the secret of it was that they were tired of experiments. Still, beyond a little natural speculation as to whether the new girl would "catch on" and what sort of a creature she would prove to be after one became used to her, my reception among you was friendly and I have the kindliest recollection of the helping hands held out to me by the men of the various departments with whom I came in contact. Many of you were here when I came, some have entered and served your apprenticeships, and at least one served as a carrier under my administration.

Our second in command in those days was a gulleless looking young man whom a stranger would never suspect of playing practical jokes, yet I can testify that the serious face concealed many a scheme for tripping the unwary and getting a little fun out of a "new one." Many changes have taken place since Mr. Bailey left the company, but whoever constitutes the business office force and whatever the differences between us, we are always ready to unite against the editorial room people with their calmly superior airs of importance. Where but the bankruptcy court would a newspaper land if run by the editorial department, with its utter disregard of all rules governing the conduct of business, its overwhelming self-esteem and its supreme belief in its own importance. Why, the business office exists only on sufferance and for the purpose of saving the editorial department from annovances. Even if as sometimes happens one person is left alone in the office for a time, that makes no difference to the news department, there is no work to be done down , stairs anyway, and one person can run things as well as six. It makes no difference if there are a half dozen speaking tubes and whistles and bel's and telephones to answer, to say nothing of a few harmless individuals who only wish to be allowed to pay in a little money and depart--the editorial room must be waited on. You may be answering a tube in the farther end of the room or taking down a telephone message when an ear-splitting screech will summon you to the editorial room speaking tube and you hear an important personage request in a rather peremptory manner that some papers of a week or two or perhaps a month ago be sent up immediately. Later there will come a faint little squeak from the same whistle which seems to say, "I have heard

unpleasant remarks made about too much wind being used in blowing a whistle on a tube only a few feet long, and I am trying hard not to annoy you," and on answering, a deprecating voice, the owner of which seems to expect to have his head taken off, makes a modest request for a package of pencils, some legal cap paper, a typewriter ribbon, or someone to come up and fix the electric lights; or perhaps the call you answer is a series of deep toots which suggests a very tall deliberate person with waving hair and a habit of rolling out deep throated quotations from Shakespeare and other modern authors, and a voice with a slight English accent will request you to send up a dollar or lend him the Morning Post. By the time you have supplied a certain athletic youth in the job room with soap or twine, told someone in the composing room whether in your opinion an ad ordered on one page will be accepted on another, informed one or two sweet voiced young ladies in response to requests for Theodore or Winnie that it is our rule not to call the boys to the telephone during working hours, you wonder if you may be allowed to return to your legitimate task of taking in money to keep things moving, but no, by this time it begins all over again, for customers may come and customers may go, but the editorial force must have their wants supplied promptly. And let me whisper that they who have so long prided themselves on never disturbing an accumulation of dust or rubbish, have gone into improvements in a wholesale manner and are newly decorated and painted and oiled and scrubbed, and it is said they even have new chairs and have promoted one of their number to a private office away from such like things as tubes and telephones. Alas the speaking tube connecting the new room with the business office is not in good working order and we miss our editor's kindly cheerfulness and unfailing courtesy, and stand ready at any time to sign a requisition for repairs.

The lively whistle of our military man in whose honor we are gathered tonight, is not heard so frequently as in former times, but so long as he can come over in the evening and dance a jig or sing or give us a sample war whoop, we know he is not far away nor has he forgotten the old Journal. These exercises are by way of relaxing the dignity necessary to the cashier of a great banking institution, and do not necessarily indicate an overwhelming joy in our society.

My Ideal!—I toast the "Ideal" man of The Journal, and may this occasion make our relations more pleasant and harmonious than ever before.

MR. HALL

There are many in The Journal office whom I would liked to have called upon to say something at this gathering as I have by no means exhausted the capable speakers of the force, but there is a limit to our time and some day we may have another dinner and we must have some in reserve for such an occasion. I will therefore ask Mr. Bradshaw to bring to a close our evening's enjoyment, and I am sure there is no one better adapted to leave a pleasant feeling in our minds than the one who contributes from day to day so many entertaining and bright little paragraphs to The Journal in which philosophy and humor are so well blended.

EDWIN A. BRADSHAW

Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Heavers at the Lever of Civilization:

Fifteen years of light and shade. Light in the summer mornings when I go to work and hear the birds singing in the treetops; shade in the winter when all is dark as I fall in behind the sweeper with the rest of the toilers. Life is made up of joys and troubles, and the newspaper business has its fair share of either. Let us take a joyous view of our work tonight. This is Saturday night, the night of all others in most lines of work.

Reference has been made tonight to Sidney Howard. Alas, poor Sidney, I knew him well. He has gone to his reward. He has paid the debt of nature. I nearly beat him a few years in paying that debt owing to his leaving open the cellar door in the press room, and I took a header. Time, the great eraser, has smoothed away any lines of resentment which may have been caused by Sid's failure to bridge the chasm.

It was not my pleasure to work with Mr. John A. Hall, but fifteen years with his son has convinced me that he left a most capable and honored descendant to carry on the enterprise to its present stage of success. We have not always agreed on everything, men are incapable of thinking alike, but I have always found him amenable to reason and preeminently just and fair in his dealings with those associated with him.

It is a pleasure to add my feeble tribute to the character of Captain Hyde. His resistless energy, his geniality, his ability to handle everything he undertakes have always impressed me profoundly and I consider him a friend to grapple with hooks of steel. His enthusiasm for physical culture has been a never failing source of wonder to me, as I think I am doing pretty well when I manage to get around on time. This is a sample performance of his: One day he took his bicycle by steamer to Greenhurst; from there I rowed him over to Lakewood, where he boarded a train with his wheel for Jamestown. He loved to tell of how much good the exercise did him. My relations with another associate. Mr. Clary, have been such as to be cherished among my journalistic recollections. The dominant note of The Journal office force as it impressed me has been loyalty. The members stand up for The Journal and it is proud of their fidelity. They stay by it long and even after they leave the old paper is a green spot in their memory.

While sitting here this evening listening to all the wit and eloquence, a few thoughts have come to me which I have jotted down on the typewriter. I have called them:

Noted in Passing the Dishes.

Time and John Johnson wait for no man.

It's a cold day when Hatch misses a bear story for the Buffalo Times.

There is no finer picture than Miss Young in the window of the business office on pay day.

The sheet of copy overlooked till too late is always the one you set your heart on.

The business office gets the prize fruit; the editorial room the hundred pound turnip.

The sight of a book agent is not good for sore eyes.

By the time Miss Butler has been out half a dozen times to get pointers on one wedding she feels ready for a nunnery.

The only time the editorial force was ever in hot water was when the steam pipe burst.

Cigars are passed when a Journal baby is born. It is smoked at the beginning of life; not at the end.

If a subscriber fails to get his paper on time the first one of The Journal force he meets is held personally responsible.

Some men like to get their names in the paper. Others raise heaven and earth and Police Justice Jude to keep them out

Mr. Hall is chief justice of the court of appeals for sinners who would keep it dark.

When a typographical error makes us out a shade lower than the monkeys in intelligence we feel like going home by way of the back streets.

There must be a heaven for proofreaders because they get no flowers on this earth.

Prosperity must indeed be with us because no tramp has come in to ask for a few old exchanges, in a dog's age.

If it takes two women to insure the life of James A. Clary, how many years will it take him to win out?

Since Will Bailey left The Journal office to become a trained nurse he has had steady work. His ways are attractive and his gentle touch (by mail) brings in good financial returns.

To The Journal force: Work, for achievement brings the highest form of happiness. To all others: Now is the time to subscribe.









